Meno Cuddles

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Meno Cuddles

by Bordementions

Summary

Giant 8 foot Fenomeno cuddles

Notes

Menooo

See the end of the work for more notes

"The data just doesn't support a high-intensity interval regimen for her stamina type," you were saying, gesturing with a clipboard in your hand. The overhead lights of the Tracen hallway beamed down, illuminating the linoleum floor that you've walked across maybe hundred of times. "If we push her too hard on the slopes, her late-race performance is going to suffer. We need to focus on sustained..."

Your colleague, another trainer with a perpetually worried expression, nodded along, but his eyes drifted past your shoulder, his focus lost. "Yeah, sustained... uh..."

He was clearly distracted by something, something clearly very large at the angle he was holding his gaze.

You turned to get a look at what it was. There was Fenomeno, your Meno, trudging down the hall with all the energy of a man condemned. His usual posture was gone, replaced by a devastating slump that seemed to pull his entire upper body down towards the floor. The brim of his hat was pulled so low it nearly touched the bridge of his nose, hiding those intense violet eyes in shadow.

Every inch of him screamed defeat.

"Meno?" you called out, a note of concern coloring your voice.

His head lifted just enough for his gaze to find yours from under the visor. For a brief, fleeting moment, his ears flickered forward in recognition. He didn't answer, didn't even seem to register the other trainer standing beside you.

He changed course, his boots making a beeline for your position. Your colleague took an involuntary step back, eyes wide.

"Hey, Meno, you okay?" you tried again, offering a small, uncertain smile.

Your words were swallowed by his approach. He didn't stop in front of you. He didn't slow down. He simply walked straight into your personal space, moving behind you and... collapsed.

The sudden weight was staggering. One moment you were standing freely, the next you were bracketed by what felt like 1000 tons. His arms came around to cage your torso, his hands loosely clasped over your sternum. And then his head, heavy with unspoken sorrow, dropped onto your shoulder, his chin hooking over it as he basically

used you as a human-sized support pillar. The spiky ends of his hair tickled your cheek, and the soft down of one of his droopy ears brushed against your neck. You could feel the slow, deep rumble of his breathing right next to your own ear.

"Uh..." your colleague stammered. "Is he...?"

"What's wrong, Meno?" you asked softly, ignoring the other man for a moment as you rested a hand on one of Fenomeno's forearms. "Talk to me."

A low sound rumbled from deep in his chest, a miserable, guttural mumble that you could barely make anything out of. "...i couldn’t...failed in my duty...."

His voice was a thick, wretched garble of despair, full of his usual official jargon but stripped of all its commanding fire. His grip on you tightened just a fraction, a desperate, clinging gesture.

"Okay," you said, patting his arm. You turned your head slightly to address your abandoned conversation partner. "Sorry. Can we pick this up later? I think I need to... handle this."

He just nodded, looking profoundly relieved to be excused from the sheer awkwardness of the situation. "Yeah. Of course. Just... uh... message me." He gave one last bewildered look at the enormous, sad officer attached to your back and then beat a hasty retreat down the hall.

You were left alone with the dead weight of your racer's misery pressing down on you.

"Alright, big guy," you murmured, twisting just enough to see the sliver of his face not buried in your shoulder. "Let's go somewhere a little more private. Can you walk?"

Another low groan was his only answer. He didn't move. He just held onto you, a silent, monolithic statue of woe.

"Okay. Plan B." You took a deep breath and began to walk, shuffling your feet forward. It was like trying to move with an eight-foot-tall weighted blanket strapped to you, but he grudgingly moved with you, his boots scuffing against the floor. His head stayed firmly planted on your shoulder, his arms securely locked around you.

"Come on," you coaxed, your voice gentle as you guided the two of

you towards the relative quiet of your office. "Let's get you sorted out. Just tell your Boss what happened."

At the word "Boss," you felt one of his ears twitch again against your skin, a tiny, almost imperceptible sign of life in the midst of his overwhelming gloom.

However he still made no real effort to assist in your journey, the way over being a masterclass in awkward navigation. Every few feet required a shuffling halt and a course correction. You were less walking and more piloting whatever was clinging to your back. Students and staff gave you different looks of confusion and confusion. It wasn't every day one saw the fearsome enforcer of the Public Discipline Committee being worn like a backpack.

"Almost there, Meno," you grunted, fumbling for the handle to your office door. "Just need to... get this... okay, this is a problem." The door opened inward. "Meno, sweetheart, I need you to detach for five seconds."

A low, negative-sounding rumble vibrated against your spine. His arms remained firmly locked.

"Right. Okay.." You managed to turn the handle and, using your shoulder, shoved the door open just wide enough to squeeze through sideways. It was a slow, ridiculous process, a three-legged race where one leg didn’t work. Finally, you were inside, and the door clicked shut behind you, sealing you both in the blessed privacy of your cluttered space.

You steered him towards the plush chaise lounge nestled in the corner, the one usually reserved for your own brief moments of respite between training sessions. "Okay, Meno. Easy does it."

With a final sigh that seemed to drain the last of the energy from his body, he unhooked himself from you and collapsed onto the chaise. He didn't sit so much as founder. He immediately curled in on himself as much as his large frame would allow, pulling the brim of his cap down and staring intently at a dust bunny on the floor. His tail lay in a thick, lifeless coil beside him.

"Alright," you said, pulling up a small stool and sitting in front of him. "Spill it. What happened out there? You looked like you'd just personally witnessed the end of the world."

He didn't look at you. His shoulders hitched. "... public relations

incident…"

"An 'incident'?" you prompted gently. "Meno, what kind of incident involves you looking like a kicked puppy?"

He flinched at the term, mumbling something about 'inappropriate canine comparisons' before falling silent again, a stone wall of gloom. You sighed. Words weren't working.

You stood up from the stool and moved to sit on the chaise next to him. It was a tight fit. His hip and thigh were a solid, unmoving presence to your left. You hesitated for only a second before turning and wrapping your arms around his torso in a hug.

It was like trying to hug a redwood tree. Your arms barely made it halfway around his broad chest. Your head came to rest somewhere in the middle of his sternum, your cheek pressed against the fabric of his coat and the firm muscle beneath. You were completely, utterly dwarfed.

But it didn't matter.

The effect was instantaneous.

The moment you made contact, all the rigid tension in his body seemed to melt away. With a sound that was half-whimper, half-groan, Fenomeno folded around you. His massive arms came up, encircling you completely, pulling you flush against his chest until you were tucked securely into his embrace. One of his large hands splayed across your back, holding you steady, while the other came up to cradle the back of your head. He wasted zero time, burying his face in the crook of your neck and shoulder, his spiky hair tickling your skin.

"Whatever it is," you murmured into his uniform, your voice slightly muffled, "it's going to be okay. I promise." You squeezed him as best you could. "It can't be as bad as you think it is. We'll figure it out. Your Boss is right here."

You felt him take a deep, shuddering breath, the air ghosting over your neck. For a long moment, he just held you, absorbing the contact like a man dying of thirst.

"Boss..." his voice was a low, fractured thing, thick with emotion and right next to your ear. "I... I made a child cry."

You held him a little tighter, rubbing a soothing circle on his back.

"Okay. That happens, Meno. What did you do?"

"I was performing my volunteer duties at the crosswalk near the elementary school," he explained, his voice trembling slightly. "A child... a civilian... approximately seven years of age... was about to cross against the light."

"And...?" you asked, already guessing where this was going.

"I projected my voice to its maximum safe volume to ensure the directive was heard…" he confessed, his grip tightening as if reliving the trauma."

You had to bite the inside of your cheek to keep from smiling. Of course.

"He stopped," Meno mumbled miserably into your shoulder. "And then... his lower lip began to quiver… and…"

"He cried," you said softly, the words feeling absurd on your tongue. You gently disentangled one of your hands from the hug to stroke the back of his head, your fingers carefully combing through the wild, spiky locks of hair. It was surprisingly soft, like thick silk. "Meno, it's okay. You just startled him."

"The objective was to ensure safety, not to induce emotional distress," he mumbled against your skin, his voice thick with self-recrimination. "I failed, Boss. I failed my duty."

"No, you didn't," you insisted, your voice a low, soothing counterpoint to his harsh judgment. You kept up the steady, calming motion of petting his hair, feeling the powerful muscles in his neck and shoulders begin to lose some of their rigid tension under your touch. "You kept him from running into the street, right? That was the primary objective. Objective accomplished."

He didn't answer, but you felt a subtle shift in his weight. He leaned into you more heavily, a silent admission that your words were having an effect. You moved your other hand to his back, rubbing slow circles between his shoulder blades, feeling the solid, unyielding wall of his torso. He was built like a fortress, but right now, that fortress was crumbling from the inside out.

"It's okay to be intense, Meno. That's part of who you are. It's your passion," you murmured, pressing a little closer. "We just need to work on... modulating the volume. Maybe a 'Hey, little guy, hold up!'

instead of a full-volume ordinance citation next time."

A low rumble vibrated through his chest and into yours. It wasn't a word, just a sound of pure, exhausted acquiescence. He was melting. The formidable enforcer, the tireless patrolman, was dissolving into your embrace. He nuzzled his face deeper into the curve of your neck, his breathing evening out, becoming slower, deeper.

And he was getting heavier.

What started as a supportive lean became a full-body press. You felt the cushions of the chaise begin to compress significantly under his shifting weight. He was going boneless in your arms, a colossal umamusume forgetting the basic principles of structural integrity because he was so thoroughly immersed in being comforted.

"Meno," you started, a hint of amusement in your voice, "you're getting a little..."

It was too late. With a final, weary sigh that seemed to carry the last of his strength with it, he let go completely. His entire eight-foot frame sagged, and gravity, the most unforgiving officer of all, took over.

There was a protesting groan from the chaise's wooden frame as your center of gravity was irrevocably compromised. You were tipped backward, the world tilting in a slow, cushioned fall. You landed flat on your back against the plush upholstery with a soft whoomph, the air knocked from your lungs not by the impact, but by the sudden, immense weight that settled directly on top of you.

Fenomeno had come down with you, as your own personal living blanket.

You were completely and utterly pinned. His head was still tucked into your neck, his arms were still wrapped securely around you, and his entire torso was a heavy, warm pressure against yours. One of his long, powerful legs was thrown over both of yours, effectively locking you in place. You couldn't have moved if you tried.

For a moment, there was only the sound of his soft, even breathing by your ear and your own slightly stunned silence. Then, he seemed to process the change in altitude.

His head shot up, his violet eyes wide with alarm from under the brim of his cap. "B-boss! My apologies! Unacceptable breach of personal

space…!" He began to scramble, trying to push himself up, his sudden movement only serving to emphasize the sheer weight pressing you into the couch. "I will disengage immediately—"

"Whoa, whoa, easy," you managed, placing a hand on his chest to stop him. "It's okay. Don't move."

"But Boss… I…!"

"It’s okay, that's the last thing I'm worried about right now," you said with a soft laugh. "Relax, Meno. It's fine. I'm not going anywhere, and clearly," you gave a little, futile wiggle underneath him, "neither are you."

He froze, looking down at you, his expression a battlefield of professional duty and raw emotional need. He saw the genuine lack of panic in your eyes, heard the gentle calm in your voice.

"It is... permissible?" he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

"It's more than permissible," you assured him, resuming your gentle stroking of his hair. "Just stay. Please. Let me take care of you for a bit."

That was all the permission he needed. The alarm in his eyes softened, replaced by a profound relief. He lowered his head again, carefully this time, resting his cheek against your shoulder so he wasn't completely smothering you. His massive body relaxed once more, sinking down and molding itself to yours.

You lay there together in the quiet of the office, the only sounds the hum of the lights and the soft rhythm of his breathing. Trapped, yes, but it was the safest, warmest trap you could ever imagine being in.

"Just breathe, Meno," you whispered, closing your eyes. "We'll just stay like this for a bit."

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

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